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THE  
Italian Husband.  
A  
TRAGEDY,  
Acted at the  
THEATRE  
IN  
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,



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By Mr. EDW. RAVENSCROFT.

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LONDON,

Printed for Isaac Cleave, next Serjeants Inn Gate in  
Chancery lane. MDCXCVIII.

1841

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London, Decemb. 16. 1697.

*A Dedicatory Epistle*

T O

Mr. HENRY CONYERS.

S I R,

**W**Hen Poets dedicate to Great Men, their servile Genius stoops to Flattery : They write not their just sentiments, but what they think will please their Patrons : So, to make them great, they debase themselves, and become Idolaters of Images, gilded by their own praise. As well may the Carver adore his Statues, the Painter his Pictures, which are their own handyworks. To shew my dislike of this Custom, I chose to expose this Tragedy to the publick with no other ornament than your name. But let not the world mistake me ; for you have Virtues that render you more valuable than Titles. They that know you love you, for you will not let the least of your acquaintance

A

### *A Dedicatory Epistle.*

quaintance go unobliged whenever you can find opportunity to show your generous temper. Believe me, Sir, I esteem your friendship, and the name of Friend is preferable to any title that descends by Birth, or what Monarchs can confer; the first comes without desert, the latter oftner by Chance than Merit. Let other Poets then boast Patrons of Quality, whilst I, more happy I, enjoy my Friend, I am my Friend and my Friend is Me. Oh he is absent yet, but when he comes, the chearful Bottle shall tune our souls to as high a rapture, as if we were met at the Harmonious Feast of Great *Cecilia*. Hasten then, thou worthy man, and cheer the hearts of all your Friends. None in your absence more devoutly wishes your return, than

S I R,

*Your Friend and Servant,*

Edward Ravenscroft.

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The



# The P R Æ L U D E.

*Enter Poet and Critic.*

*Crit.* I Have been very attentive to your Rehearsal, and what I tell you you'll find true.

*Po.* Well, good Mr. *Critics*, let me alone with my faults, I don't allow your objections.

*Po.* I tell you, Sir, you'll anger the Ladies, they'll be against you.

*Crit.* I'm not of your opinion.

*Crit.* You are Poet *Positive* right.

*Po.* And you Critic *Find-fault*, right or wrong.

*Enter Mr. Peregrine.*

*Crit.* Oh, here's Mr. *Peregrine*, we'll ask his judgment.

*Po.* With all my heart; he's a Traveller, and knows the Customs of other Countries.

*Per.* Your Servant Gentlemen: what is the matter? what am I to be Judge of betwixt you?

*Crit.* Why Sir, Mr. *Scribble* here has writ a Play, that's to be acted to day.

*Per.* I know it Sir, and am come to see't:

*Crit.* Lord, Lord, Sir! he calls it a Tragedy.

*Per.* Then I suppose it is one.

*Crit.* A Tragedy! No, it has but three Acts.

*Per.* What then, Sir?

*Crit.* If it has but three Acts it must be a Farce.

*Per.* Why so, Sir?

*Crit.* Why so! did you ever see it otherwise?

*Per.* Ask him —

*Po.* Yes Sir, a Farce may be two, three, or five Acts; as you have seen upon our Stage already.

*Per.* 'Tis the same amongst the *French* and *Italians*.

*Crit.* What then is a Farce?

## The Prælude.

*Po.* I'll tell you: A Play is not call'd a Farce from any number of Acts, but from the lowness of the Subject and Characters; which are not true Characters in Nature, nor just representations of humane actions (as Comedy is or should be) but from the oddness and extravagancy of the Characters and Subject: Which, tho not natural, yet not always against Nature; and tho not true, yet diverting, and foolishly delightful. A Farce is like a *Dutch* piece of Painting, or a Grotelque Figure, extravagant and pleasant.

*Per.* In my judgment it is so.

*Crit.* Well, we'll pass over that point. But why do you make a Tragedy but three Acts?

*Per.* O, that's customary in other Countries.

*Po.* I have observ'd that many Plays of late are all talk and no business; others have some business, but so much talk, that the business is almost lost in the multiplicity of words, and the Plays lag and grow tedious. Therefore, to avoid this, I have now laid the business so close, that every Scene may seem necessary to carry on the design and story of the Play, and with as few words as I cou'd suppose sufficient; therefore I confine my self to three Acts, which gives me also opportunity to introduce some Musical Entertainments, and those seeming natural to the Play; which few Poets have yet observ'd.

*Crit.* I confess they bring in their Musick by head and shoulders, and may serve in one Play as well as another. But the main objection against your Play is, Your Lady, or chief Character in your Play, being of Quality, and a marry'd woman, sees a young Lord, hearkens to his Love, and gives up her Honour in the first Act, without much ceremony or courtship: How will the Boxes like this, Sir? There you are lost.

*Po.* Mr. *Peregrine*, you have been a Traveller, and are a fit Judge: In the first place, I say this great Lady and her Lover were not strangers to each other, courtship had formerly past betwixt them, they were contracted by Vows; but being separated before they could be joined in Marriage, and despair-

## *The Prelude.*

despairing ever to see one another again, the Lady is marry'd. By accident they see each other, have opportunity of discourse, their Love renews, the Gallant presses, the Lady is frail, and they agreed upon the present moment.

*Per.* Where lies the Scene ?

*Po.* In *Italy* ; you know it is not there as in *England*, where we have easie access, and freedom of conversation, and opportunity of Courtship. An opportunity there once lost, is not to be recovered.

*Per.* Right, therefore, there if the Gentleman likes the Lady, and the Lady the Gentleman, they presently come to the point. An *Italian* Dame wou'd think you a very dull, heavy, phlegmatick Lover, if you shou'd waste time in idle Ceremony and Compliments. When Love is the Banquet, they fall to without saying Grace, I can tell you.

*Crit.* Ay, but the custom of that Country won't be an excuse here.

*Per.* But it ought ; for if the Scene lies in a foreign Country, the Poet may write after the custom of that Country.

*Crit.* But they won't like a great Lady losing her Honor ; they won't like that, Sir.

*Po.* It is not the design of my Play to expose a Lady's frailty, so much as to raise her up to virtue when fallen. I intend her fall not an example for vice. The great design being to bring a guilty person to be pity'd in her circumstances. Many Plays have made the Vertuous in misfortunes to be pity'd, but the Guilty never yet, as I remember.

*Per.* Very well : That design indeed is new, I like it.

*Po.* And lastly, Sir, to show what evils may follow one ill action, tho repented on as soon as done. And let the Moral of the Play show, that one error brings more fatal consequences than many virtuous actions can remedy ; and therefore, tho it is good to repent of ill, 'tis better not to do ill :

*Crit.* I like your Moral well enough ; I have but one thing more to say, your Play has no lofty flights, nor ne're a fine dying Speech.

*Per.*

## The Prælude.

*Per.* We have too much of them in every Play.

*Po.* I have endeavour'd in this to make my persons speak like men and women, and in such words as the real persons represented might be supposed to discourse in the same circumstance. The Scene lyes in *Italy*, and I have writ in the stile of the *Italian* Tragedies; how it may please here I know not.

*Crit.* Ay, but Sir, you have left out Similies: 'Y Gad I scarce remember three Similies in the whole Play; and Mr. *Peregrine* I am a passionate lover of Similies.

*Per.* I confels in *English* Writers great part of the Wit lyes in Similies; we have too many of 'em.

*Crit.* Too many Similies! 'Y Gad Mr. *Peregrine* now I question your judgment: Oh! they are the prettiest things in nature. I had as live see, The Firmament without Stars, A Tree without Blossoms, A Garden without Flowers, A Lady's Face without Patches, or A Pudding without Plumbs, as a Play without Similies. There are your Similies now! who could have exprest so much Wit without Similies?

*Per. & Po.* Ha, ha, he.

*Po.* See, the Prologue's going to be spoke, the Curtain is drawing up.

*Crit.* Well, well, I'll tell you more anon: I'll go into the Pit. *Exit.*

*Po.* Pray follow, and sit by him; your presence will awe him; 'tis the nature of Critics to be malicious: He'll be finding fault to show his Wit.

*Per.* I'll drink a Bottle with you when the Play is done, and tell you my opinion. [*Exit.*

*Po.* Less blame it is in new attempts to fail,  
Than in the old but meanly to prevail.

*Exeunt.*

P R O.

# PROLOGUE.

**T**HE Town of late so very nice is grown,  
 That nothing but what's poyant will go down.  
 Y<sup>e</sup> expect to find ev'ry new Play that's writ,  
 In spite of Nature, shou'd be stuff'd with Wit.  
 This heavy Tax which you on us have laid,  
 Without your friendly help can ne'r be paid.  
 With helps of Folly you Manure the Soil,  
 To make it grateful to the Tillers Toil.  
 Like Vintners we on impositions live,  
 And at the expence of those who Tax us, thrive.  
 Yet Poets say, in one thing you'r unkind,  
 Wit ye expect —

But what Wit is, no man has yet defin'd.  
 Thus whilst we wander in a doubtful Maze,  
 'Tis only our good fortune if we please,  
 And when we start a Play, full cry you run,  
 And ne'r leave Yelping till you've run it down.  
 Rules you prescribe, but when you try the Cause,  
 We find each Critick's Whimsies are thy Laws.  
 So, when of Wit, each Palat's made the test.  
 Good plays are damn'd, because you've lost your taste.  
 He that wou'd furnish out a modish treat,  
 Shou'd strive to please with various sort of meat.  
 To feed the Beaus with Farce is very good,  
 Those Babes in Wit can't bear substantial food.  
 For men of sense some Satyr shou'd be got.  
 For Politicians to be sure, a Plot.  
 With Swanish Puns you may regale the Cit,  
 Their swinish taste delights in husks of Wit.  
 But he that wou'd secure a good third day,  
 Must show your Vices to you, to save his Play.  
 Lest Bully like, eager to purchase Fame,  
 You shou'd your follies in the Poet Dam.  
 These are the Rules I heard our Author say:  
 But Bays forsooth has found a newer way.  
 Which, if it mis, he swears he shall be uneasy,  
 To think he was not fool enough to please ye.

## *Drammatis Personæ.*

Frederico, <i>Duke of Radiano,</i>	<i>Mr. Verbrugen.</i>
Alouisia, <i>Dutchess,</i>	<i>Mrs. Bowman.</i>
Alfonso, <i>Marquis of Rosse,</i>	<i>Mrs. Hodgson.</i>
Fidalbo, <i>Secretary to the Duke,</i>	<i>Mr. Watfon.</i>
Rodrigo, <i>Gentleman of the Chamber,</i>	<i>Mr. Thurmond.</i>
A Fryer.	
Amidea, }	<i>Mrs. Prince.</i>
Florella, } <i>Women to the Dutchess,</i>	<i>Mrs. Martin.</i>
Page.	

Two Bravo's, Servants, Singers, Dancers,  
and Musicians.

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THE



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T H E  
Italian Husband.

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A C T I. S C E N E I

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[Enter Dutcheſs, Amidea, Florella, Rodrigo.]

*The Dutcheſs drags her Glove as ſhe enters, Rodrigo takes it up and kiſſes it, preſents it to her on his knees, ſhe turns away in anger.*

Rod. M Adam, your Glove—

*Dutch.* Your ſawcy ſervice does offend :

[*Dutcheſs gives t'other Glove to Amid. who takes that from Rodrigo which ſhe let fall.*

*Amidea, fetch me another pair,*

Oſt have I frown'd on your inſolence :

Officious Sycophant, if ever more thou doſt preſume

The Duke ſhall know——

*Enter Duke, Fidalbo giving him a Paper.*

Duke. What, my Alouſia ?

*Dutch.* Rodrigo has been faulty, but I forgive him ;  
The ſolemnity of the day requires it.

B

Duke.

# The Italian Husband.

*Duke.* This is the second year we have solemniz'd  
Our Matrimonial Vows,——

This day I took thee from the Great Duke's hand,  
By Royal bounty, given for my Bride.  
Why dost thou sigh?

Whenever I am talking thus to thee,  
Thy Bosome heaves, and thy Cheeks change colour.

*Dutch.* O! have I wonder'd that your Breast, my Lord,  
Should not partake the same concern with mine:  
My mind labours under many doubts.

*Duke.* What are they?—for I long to hear:  
Vent them in my bosome,  
And I will ease thee of thy burden.

*Dutch.* Why from my Infancy, was I bred up  
In lonely Convents, and from hence remote,  
No Friend or Parent e're appearing there  
To own me for their Child, or let me know  
Who gave me birth;  
Or what my Quality may be,

*Duke.* 'Tis true!

*Dutch.* Then brought to Court, by the Great Dukes command,  
And e're I cou'd survey the spacious Roof,  
Or know what noise of Pomp and Greatness meant,  
In this amaze and change of station,  
Given for a Bride, my Lord, to you.

*Duke.* 'Tis strange—— *[aside]*  
I fear'd her mind had wandrings after Court.

*Dutch.* And stranger yet, why after Marriage  
None shou'd reveal my Birth,  
If not to me, to you my Lord.——

*Duke.* I press'd the Duke to know that Secret once,  
But he reply'd, I've given you a rich Gem,  
What need you be inquisitive  
From which Cabinet I took it,  
Or on what Rock engendred.

*Dutch.* 'Tis very strange——

*[aside.]*  
This

## The Italian Husband.

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This was the occasion of my private sighs.

Duke. And this the reason why I left the Palace,  
And am retir'd with thee, my life's whole blessing,  
To these my Villa's ——— but no more:  
Is the Musick ready?

Dutch. What Paper's that?

Duke. Fidalbo, my Secretary, presents  
The Arguments of some Songs he has compos'd  
For this Days Entertainment:  
I think them not improper ———

Dutch. Let 'em begin. [Duke and Dutcheſs ſet themſelves  
in Arbors. Attendants on each ſide.

Enter Singers and Dancers. Shepherds, Shepherdesses, a Court  
Lady and a Citizens Daughter.

First, An Anniversary Song on the Dukes Wedding.

I.

Joy to the youthful happy pair;  
Thus blest you are, by Hymen join'd:  
May you love on, from year to year,  
And by Enjoyment prove more kind:  
Then with your days Love will increase,  
And you sit crown'd with Joy and Peace.  
In Lovers hearts all joys abound,  
When Love with Constancy is crown'd.

2.

Nè're may unwelcome Care molest  
The lovely Bride nor Bridegrooms breast:  
Keep firm your Faith, and value Truth,  
Then Age will be as blest as Youth:  
In Lovers hearts all joys abound,  
When Love with Constancy is crown'd.  
Keep firm your Faith, and value Truth,  
Then Age will be as blest as Youth.

B 2

In

# The Italian Husband.

## In praise of a Country Life.

1st Shepherds. *O Happy Nymph is she  
Who leads a rural life;  
From Court Ambition free,  
From City Noise and Strife,  
Grant me (ye Gods) so sweet a life.  
Chor. Grant me, &c.*

2d Shepherds. *We see our Flocks at distance feed,  
The Fountains clear, the Sky serene;  
The Flocks are grazing in the Meads,  
Whilst Maids are milking of the Kine.  
Chor. O happy Nymph, &c.*

1st Shep. *The Spring affords us Flowers  
That deck the gaudy Fields;  
Summer gives us Shady Bowers,  
Where Birds their natural Musick yield.  
Chor. O happy Nymph, &c.*

2d Shep. *Autumn brings us Corn and Fruits,  
Which are laid up for Winter store;  
We Sing and Dance, and Tune our Flutes,  
Ah! what can Mortals wish for more.  
Chor. O happy Nymph, &c.*

1st Shep. *When Winter comes, and Cold prevails,  
Around the shining Hearth we sit;  
With pleasant pastimes, merry tales,  
The nights are spent in Mirth and Wit.  
Chor. O happy Nymph, &c.*



*In decision of a Country Life. By a  
Court Lady and a Citizen.*

Court L. *F*ond Nymphs, from us true pleasure learn,  
*There is no Musick in a Churn:*

*The Milk-maids sing beneath the Cow,  
The Sheep do bleat, the Oxen low:*

Court L. & Citiz. *If these are comforts for a Wife,  
Defend, defend me from a Country life.*

Court L. *The Team comes home, the Plowman whistles,  
The great Dog barks, the Turkey-cock bristles,  
The Jackdaws caw, the Magpies chatter,  
Quack, quack, cry the Ducks, that swim in the water.*

Court L. & Citiz. *If these are comforts, &c.*

Citiz. *Then melancholy crows the Cock,  
And dull is the sound of th' Village Clock;  
The Leaden hours pass slow away:  
Thus yawning Mortals spend the day.*

Citiz. & Court L. *If these are comforts, &c.*

*A Dance.*

*Court Lady in praise of a Court Life.*

Court L. *G*ive me the gay and splendid Court,  
*The lofty Roofs adorn'd with Gold,  
Where all the Great and Fair resort,  
The Noble and the Bold.*

*There highest Honours are acquir'd,  
Kings are Ador'd, and Beauty is Admir'd.*

*The Court is a Lady's proper sphere,  
O let me live for ever there.*

Chor. *O let me live, &c.*

*The*

*The Shepherdes against a Court Life.*

1st & 2d Shep. **O** *How who wou'd be anothers Slave,  
That may herself be free;  
And pay that Homage she might have,  
Or Bondage take for Liberty?*

*The Citizen in praise of the City.*

Cit. **T** *He Court is but show, and vain tittle tattle,  
Then give me the City, where in Coaches we rattle;  
Tho not quite so nice, nor modishly dress,  
We're rich in our Jewels, and wear of the best.  
The Courtiers spend all, and ever are needy,  
The Citizen gets, yet still he is greedy.  
He ne're boggles at Usury, nor at Extortion,  
Tho the Father is damn'd, the Child gets a Portion.  
Then happy are we, whose Parents are civil,  
For blest is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil.  
They truly know the pleasures of life;  
There's nothing like being a Citizens Wife.  
Chor. We truly know, &c.*

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Marquis *Alfonso* alights from his Chariot, and sends your Grace word he brings Letters from the Great Duke.

*Duke.* All attend him in.

*Duc.* My Lord, I'll retire to another Walk.

*Duke.* No *Alonista*, stay,  
And learn the Message of this Embassie.

*Duc.* I obey.

*Duke.* Your Virtue does obey, but your Beauty  
Rules the Empire of my heart.

*Enter*



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*Enter Alfonso, Attendants.*

What Honor, most noble Marquis, is this  
You do my House and me : You find me out  
In Solitude, and close Retreat ?

*Alfon.* I know your Grace receives no Visitors,  
Nor Audience gives to Ceremonious Guests;  
The Dukes Commands alone have brought me  
Here : These Letters will excuse this Interruption.

*Duke.* Obedience to Sovereign Power has no restraint :  
You're welcome ; How fares the Duke ?

*Alf.* Well, when he did give these Papers to my trust.  
He spoke of you with great Indulgence ;  
Bid him to read, consider, and answer.

*Duke.* This is the Noble *Alfonso*. [*Speaks to the Dutchess*]  
Lately return'd from his long Travels.  
Receive him with the favour of your presence,  
Whilst I retire, and read the Duke's Commands.

*Alf.* Hah ! [*Aside, looking at the Dutchess*]

*Dutch.* His Merits and his Honour claim their due,  
And all must Tribute pay to such desert.

*Alf.* Astonishment !

*Dutch.* What surprize !

*Duke.* One hour I borrow for retirement :  
What these import I long to know.

*Exit Duke and Attendants.*

## SCENE III.

*Dutch.* Marquis *Alfonso* !

*Alf.* Dutchess of *Radiano*—

*Dutch.* What do I see?—

*Alf.* What do I feel ?

*Dutch.* I am all wonder—

*Alf.* Amazement all.

*Dutch.*

*Dutch.* Marquis!

*Alf.* Dutcheſs!

[*Sighs and breathes ſhort*

*Dutch.* This Walk's too cloſe, the next has free air,  
My Lord.

*Alf.* I feel a Calenture, and ſcarce can breathe.

*Exit Alf. and Dutcheſs*

*Armid.* Come *Florella*,

The Dutcheſs gave the ſign to attend at diſtance.

*Flor.* Let us take the next Arbour.

[*Exeunt.*

*Rodrigo.*

*Rod.* Miſerable unhappy *Rodrigo*,

Whoſe Love muſt be the Prologue to his Death:

Ah Dutcheſs, how does this Heaven of Beauty

Plunge and torment me in a Hell of pain.

Oh that I might but ſnatch one Flower

From the fair Garden of thy fragrant boſom,

I'd quit my hopes of Paradice.

But I'm doom'd to love when hope is gone:

Then love, be ſilent, deſpair, and dye:

Yet I will be the ſhadow to that bright Sun,

I'll keep that Orb of Beauty ſtill in view,

And with a dying glance behold that Heaven,

Which I muſt ne're poſſeſs.

Oh *Rodrigo*!

*Exit.*

*Enter Alonſo and Dutcheſs.*

*Dut.* Does then that wandering Stranger, who came to viſit  
Our lonely Convent, prove to be *Alonſo*?

*Alf.* I was the ſtraggler ſtop't my Journey there.

*Dut.* You are the perſon, whoſe ſurprizing preſence  
Firſt catch'd my eyes, and then engag'd my heart:

My mind till then was fixt on holy objects:

But ſtrait —

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As if Incantment had surpriz'd my senses,  
You drew my thoughts from Heaven to Earth,  
And I cou'd only gaze and think of you.

*Alf.* 'Twas I came there to offer up my vows,  
And pay devotion at that holy Shrine :  
But oh ! the sight of you robb'd the dead Saint  
Of all the Reverence I came to pay.

The brightest sure in all the Crystal Orb  
Cou'd not excel in form  
Nor sooner gain a Votary.

But oh the strange amazement I was in !  
When after one days absence, my new Saint  
Was thence translated to unknown Regions :  
How have I wander'd thro the world ere since,  
But till this happy hour cou'd never find.

*Dutch.* Unhappy hour, and fatal interview.

*Alf.* Our hearts were panting with the same desire,  
And in our eyes we mingled Souls.  
Love does record our vows, and gives me title  
To *Alonisia's* heart.

*Dutch.* Not to my honour.

*Alf.* To all, love is no niggard.

*Dutch.* I am the Duke's.

*Alf.* By Marriage ; by former vows thou'rt mine.

*Dutch.* The Duke——

*Alf.* Shall know nothing.

*Dutch.* Heaven——

*Alf.* Will be silent.

*Dutch.* Fear chills my heart.

*Alf.* Let Love warm your bosome——

*Dutch.* Break off this eager Conference, my Lord,  
Lest wandering eyes observe our extasies.

*Alf.* That Grove of Jessamins will shade our loves.

*Dutch.* No : I'll lead you to yon apartment :  
There we will both lament our rigid Fate,  
Cancel our Vows, and grieve we met so late.

C

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*The Italian Husband.**Enter Rodrigo.*

*Rod.* Despairing Love I thought the only plague;  
 But my too curious Eyes have added now  
 A new tormenter to my breast :— Jealousie:  
 How free in their discourse ; what amorous looks,  
 And darting glances, flew like Lightning round :  
 What pauses, and what starts—I grow mad—  
 I'm enrag'd—go on, pursue—turn Spy,  
 See till thou ravest, then break thy heart, and dye. *Exit.*

*Enter Duke, Reading and pausing on the Great Duke's Letter,  
 with another in his hand Seal'd.*

*Duke Reads.* You stand high in our regard and favour.  
 I gave you Alouisia for your Bride,  
 In my esteem you were most worthy of her :  
 You have withdrawn your self and her from Court :  
 Let me by Letters know the hidden cause,  
 Then I'll reveal a Secret shall remove  
 All scruples from your mind—Thus satisfy'd  
 That you return to Court, with your Dutcheffs,  
 Shall be my wish, but never my command.

Jealousie takes birth from fond suspicion,  
 Is sed and nurs'd by every idle fear,  
 Till it becomes the canker of the mind :  
 It shall spread no farther here—  
 His tenderness in all discourses to her,  
 His pleasing smiles at all she said or did,  
 And all the soft Indulgence which he shew'd,  
 Not meant to wrong her Vertue, nor my Honour.

*Shewing his own Letter.*

Here I have establisht my discontent,  
 Upon my doubts she was ignobly born,

*And*

## The Italian Husband.

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And fix it for the cause of my retreat.

*Enter Rodrigo.*

Where's *Alfonso*?

*Rod.* With the Dutchess, busie.

*Duke.* Busie!

*Rod.* Very busie.

*Duke.* Busie? *Rodrigo*!

*Rod.* Yes, shut up together in a close apartment:

Not fire or heat are more incorporate.

*Duke.* Be plain and brief: or this stops thy Tongue.

*Shews a Dagger.*

*Rod.* They in conjunction: Your Honour in Eclipse.

*Duke.* Impossible——

*Rod.* Possible——

*Duke.* How know ye?

*Rod.* These eyes beheld the first onset,

When with eager embraces, hasty kisses,

And trembling limbs, they strove,

As if half famish'd for the Banquet.

*Duke.* Which way comes this discovery?

*Rod.* Thro a small vacancy in the Partition,

I cou'd survey the Room all round.

*Duke.* Look it be true.

*Rod.* Wou'd it were false.

*Duke.* Thou hast thrown Lightning into my Soul:

Fierce anger flashes in my eyes,

And I shall break like Thunder from a Cloud,

And blast 'em all to Hell.——Lead to the place. *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Duke and Rodrigo in another Apartment. Duke pushes at the door.*

*Duke.* Here, open the door, *Alouisia*—Dutchess open the door:

Are you so employ'd, you can't hear?

Open, or I'll break it down this minute.

*Dutch.* See, my Lord, 'tis open.

*[Dutchess opens the*

*door. Rodrigo rushes in, and returns with Alfonso's Sword.*

What sudden rage transports your Grace?

*Duke.* Let your Guilty Conscience tell you.

Dutchess, where hides the Adulterer?

Where is the Traytor?

*Rod.* I have secur'd his Sword.

*Duke.* Have an eye to the Dutchess, [*The Duke presses in.*]

*Dutch.* I see no prospect but death before me:

Fear and guilt wing me for flight:

Tho I save not life, I may get time to pray.

*Exit Dutchess, Rodrigo following.*

*Enter Duke with a Pistol in his hand, Alfonso flying him.*

*Duke.* Inhospitable Traytor——

*Alf.* O stay your Revengesful hand!

*Dukk.* Dye *Alfonso*!——Base Instrument of Death;

*Snaps a Pistol, throws it away; draws his Sword.*

Hast thou fail'd me, this will not.

*Alf.* Oh! have Compassion.

*Duke.* Compassion! Traytor.

*Alf.* Your thoughts may err, you may be deceiv'd,

Mis-inform'd——We may be innocent.

*Duke.* No——Death is not more certain than thy crime.

*Alf.* Give then a life that merits a thousand deaths:

A life that will be greater punishment,

Than death itself: Ah give me time.

*Duke.* Live *Alfonso*; [*After a pause.*]

I had not well consider'd——the Great Duke——

Live young Lord——my word secures your Life.

Most generous Duke--behold a Traytor at your feet;

Whose Crimes deserve not only death

But a tormenting violent death

But if you are so God-like to forgive.——

*Duke.* As your fault is above excuse

'Tis also above punishment.

Revenge wou'd end in death——

And



And your death would publish my dishonor ———  
Which yet may be conceal'd ——— Close then your Lips,  
Let not your breath once whisper't to your soul ———  
No not to Heaven, in Prayer, and Penitence.

*Alf.* No records of your wrongs with me remain,  
But my repentant thoughts, that bear  
My Crimes to Heaven in hopes of pardon there.

*Duke.* The Pistol fail'd ———  
Live then *Alfonso* ——— Fate will have it so ———  
But henceforth shun all opportunities  
To see, or by my Dutches to be seen.  
Do not remember that I had a Wife ———  
Let all her Crimes and all her Charms  
Sleep in Eternal silence.

*Alf.* Ever, ever ———  
*Duke.* Rise ——— be compos'd ———  
Let not your looks betray either guilt or fear.  
Be not abrupt in your departure;  
But with due marks of ceremony and respect,  
Take leave ——— withdraw ———  
But still believe your Life to be a dream.  
Methinks I do but dream.  
And that I've pardon'd you is but a dream.

*Alf.* Sir ———

*Duke.* No more, your absence, and your silence.

*Alf.* I go, am silent, and obey. ——— *Exit.*

*Enter Rodrigo.*

*Duke.* Where is the guilty Dutches?

*Rod.* In her private Oratory, at prayers.

*Duke.* Good Heaven ———

With what Conscience can a Woman pray!

What made you, *Rodrigo*, so officious?

*Rod.* — Zeal for your Honor.

*Duke.* Had you been silent I had not known my dishonor.

And

*The Italian Husband.*

And not knowing it had still been happy.

*Rod.* If silent, I had been a Traytor.

*Duke.* The adultery of a Wife not known,  
The Husband loses not his peace.

*Rod.* You had slept then in polluted Arms.

*Duke.* You force a fatal necessity.

*Alonso* or my Wife must dye.

*Rod.* Honor requires it.

*Duke.* With *Alonisia* I destroy my life.

*Rod.* She is disloyal.

*Duke.* But I love her.

*Rod.* I've done——

*Duke.* What thou can't ne're undo.

Seal up thy Lips, *Rodrigo*:

What, thy too officious diligence

Brought to thy knowledge,

Hide in the darkest corner of thy heart:

For if one breath should give it vent, thou dyest.

*Rod.* Now I have told ye, my Conscience is quiet,  
And I am dumb as death it self.

*Duke.* Suspend thy thoughts and follow me.

I'll give directions for an Ambuscade:

The Conduct shall be yours.

*Rod.* So,——I have paddled in the Water,

And must now wade thro the Stream.

*Duke.* How necessary, but how hateful is a Spy.

*Exeunt.*

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

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*The Dutchess in black, lying on Carpets, her hair loose, leaning on a Deaths head, a Book in her hand, and the Picture of a Magdalen over her Oratory.*

*Dutch.* **O** *Alouisia!* wretched by thy fall,  
Wretched by thy tormenting life, that canst  
Survive thy honour, and thy happiness.  
My Soul hangs trembling on my Lips;  
And yet I cannot sigh it from me.  
But here, here comes my angry Lord,  
The just avenger of his wrongs,  
And fatal punisher of my misdeeds.

*Enter Duke.*

Welcom, my Lord, whose presence heretofore  
Was wont to give new life and joy to *Alouisia*,  
But now most welcom, now you come arm'd,  
With punishment to end a painful life.

*Duke.* No, live *Alouisia*—

*Dutch.* O mix not Cruelty with Justice.

Let me not languish out a life in Torment.  
Behold me prostrate at your Feet—My Head  
Bow'd low to Earth—Cheeks wet with Tears,  
And Heart o're-charg'd with sorrow,  
Your penitent offender meets her Fate.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* Live, live Dutchess, I pronounce it.  
Let mercy be as great a wonder to thee,  
As are thy Crimes to me.

*Dutch.* Live ! Oh presumption !

*Duke.* Come, I'll lay my self down by thee:  
We'll talk a while. —

*Dutch.* Come not too near, my infectious breath will blast  
All Virtue — but the Noble *Frederico's*.

*Duke.* Peace ; why are you thus all habited in black ?  
And why thus mournfully attended ?

*Dutch.* To solemnize the funeral of my honour, and my self.

*Duke.* That you have err'd I know,  
That you repent I do believe :  
The wanness of your Cheeks, and anguish of your Heart,  
Do shew the sad affliction of your Mind.  
Live then.

Mercy is due to the first Crime of Penitents.

*Dutch.* Your Mercy gives a Life I do not merit,  
And spares a Death that I deserve with pain.

*Duke.* The Memory that you was once most dear,  
Dear as my life, now gives you life :  
Then Dutchess hope, hope what I dare not speak,  
And I will wish your hopes may all succeed.  
Who waits ?

*Enter Amidea and Florella.* *The Duke takes a Letter out of  
his pocket, and holds it in his hand. Speaks as they all may hear.*

Attend the Dutchess to her Chamber.  
Ah, *Alouisia*, thy fate indeed was hard,  
Never to know the greatness of your Parents,  
Till that sad minute, which gives at once  
The knowledge of their Names, and of their Death.  
Farewel : E're night I'll visit you again. *Exit.*

*Flor.* Oh *Amidea*, the secret of the Dutchess Grief  
And sudden Alteration is at last made known.

*Dutch.*

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*Duc.* Lead me for I am faint and overcome with Grief.

*Am.* Heaven ease your Cares, and send your mind relief.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Alfonso.*

*Alf.* My mind is toss'd in a rough Sea of doubts.

I live, but know not the reason why,

I fear the Duke only preserves my life,

To make my death more horrid.

O mystery! The Adulterer goes unpunish'd,

And the offending Wite received to Grace!

When the offended smiles on the offenders,

It shows their Ruin near.

Oh! Love! Oh Dutchess! Oh *Alfonso*!

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* My Lord, commend my Duty to our Master,

This to your Charge I do commit.

*[Gives him a Letter]*

*Alf.* Most noble *Fredrico* thy hand,

My heart, my life, are all at thy Command.

*Duke.* What further service you may do me,

As we pass my Vineyards, I'll impart.

Your Coach is order'd to the Park Gate,

So far I will conduct you.

*Alf.* How generously you conquer Souls.

You load me with Honours, and I blush for thame. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Amidea, Florella*

*Flo.* She sleeps still, but sighs abundantly.

*Am.* Sure she's very tender-hearted.

That Grief can make so great an alteration.

In the morning how lively were her Eyes,

Her Lips, how rosie; and her Cheeks were spread

Like the Fields of beauty, all pleasure to the Eye.

D

*Flo.*



*Flor.* Ah the difference in a woman,  
When she's in a good humour :  
What a change there's now ?

*Am.* Her eyes clouded with Tears,  
Her lids so swell'd, no charming light breaks thro ;  
Her Cheeks all smear'd, like Meadows that have  
Been o'reflow'd with hasty Rains.

*Fls.* Shuns company, nothing but weeps and prays,  
As if she thought her latest hour was come.

*Am.* If this holds she can't live.

*Flor.* Ah *Amideia*, the world may think, and think,  
But a small thing won't break a womans heart.  
Prithee let's leave this melancholly subject,  
And talk of other matters.

*Am.* What *Florella* ? ———

*Flor.* Of the handsome young Lord was here to day :  
Eyes ne're beheld a more lovely person.

*Am.* Could you think so, *Florella*, and not be mov'd  
With thoughts that make young Virgins blush :  
Conscious their wishes bear a Guilt,  
That wrongs their Modesty.

*Flor.* Heavens preserve me Chaste, had one word,  
One tempting word, saln from those lips,  
Or the soft language of his eyes express  
A willing mind, I had flown thro Air  
Precepts of Chastity and Honour  
Are taught in vain, where such strong Charms invite.

*Am.* You are transported, *Florella*.  
Hark ; I hear the Dutchess stirring : [A Bell sounds.  
She rings for us.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke, Alfonso.*

*Duke.* That, my Lord, is my new Lodge,  
Where I intend to pass my evening hours.

*Alf.* A delightful situation.

*Duke*



## The Italian Husband.

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Duke. If you receive no orders from the Duke  
For your return, let my Invitation  
Bring you here to night :

Society will strengthen our new Friendship.

Alf. You load me with favours.

Duke. We'll sup together. I've order'd Musick,  
The hours shall slide away with pleasure ;  
In soft delights we'll bury all our cares.  
You'll be my Guest ———

Alf. I promise ———

Duke. Your hand *Alfonso* ———

Alf. My heart, most generous *Frederico*. *Embrace.*  
Most noble Duke of *Radiano* !

*Enter Rodrigo in disguise, with two Russians.*

Rod. That, that's the Traytor *Alfonso* :  
You two dispatch him.

Alf. Ha, am I at last betray'd ! Fond Credulity : *[Draws]*  
I won't dye without defence ———

Duke. Courage, *Alfonso*, my Sword shall be your Guard.

Alf. What new wonder's this ?

Rod. This way, Sir, they'll dispatch him presently.

Duke. Slave, there's a dispatch for you.

*The Duke engages betwixt 'em, and drives Rod. at distance :*

*Rod. retreating with design, feigning only to fight, whilst  
Alfonso fights the other two.*

Rod. Oh, why have you kill'd me ?

Duke. Valiant *Alfonso*, they've now *[Duke turns to Alf. side,*  
No odds ———

1 *Ruff. Rodrigo kill'd !*

2 *Ruff. The Duke against us ! we are betray'd.*

1 *Ruff. Fly Comrade, fly. The two Ruff. run off.*

Alf. Flight shall not save you, Murderous Villains.

Duke. Pursue no farther than that rising ground :  
Then let your eyes observe what way they take. *[Exit Alf.*  
*Duke.*

Livest thou *Rodrigo* ? Speak.

*Rod.* Fate lends me one short gasp of breath,  
To ask the reason why I have my death.

*Duke.* How thankless is the office of a Spy.  
Spys ruin whom they serve : they are the cause  
Of Murders, and the bane of Families :  
No man was e're made happy by 'em yet ;  
The guilty and the injur'd both undone.

*Rod.* Faithful service ill repaid.

*Duke.* Thy death was necessary :  
You were Master of a secret ;  
Which I would not have known my self :  
The knowledge of my shame hung on thy Tongue,  
Each blast of breath had blown it thro the world ;  
But dying that dyes with thee.

*Rod.* O ! O ! —————

*Rod. dyes.*

*Duke.* Farewel Spy.

*Re-enters Alfonso.*

*Alf.* The Villains were too nimble of foot,  
They're out of sight already,  
Their Coast was Westward.

*Duke.* Here lies the Engineer of this design  
The officious Slave was *Rodrigo*.  
Gentleman of my Chamber, he was the Spy.  
Brought me the fatal intelligence,  
Stop there my Tongue —————

This Villain with his dying breath confest,  
That fearing my forgiving nature,  
He laid this Ambush to surprize your life.

*Alf.* Each Circumstance confirms the truth.  
Forgive me, generous Duke, if my first thoughts  
Transgress'd, and sinn'd 'gainst Gratitude and you :  
But when you nobly interpos'd your arm,  
And shar'd an-equal danger with me :

*Shame.*

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Shame cover'd me all o're, and I'm still confus'd.

*Duke.* Ignoble minds work by ignoble ways.  
The brave and generous act without deceit.

*Alf.* These are most gracious favours.  
Tho you refus'd the forfeit of my life,  
To give it me a second time;

With hazard of your own, is most surprizing.

*Duke.* The life I gave, I may with right call mine;  
And what is mine, my Honour will defend.

*Alf.* You act like *Cæsar*. Oh wonder in nature,  
That fiercest rage should turn to perfect love!

*Duke.* So greatest love to greatest hatred turns:  
Riddles in Nature, that puzzle Philosophy.

Now I dismiss you——

Your Servants and your Coach are here——

Remember, *Alfonso*,

Who prophanes Friendship commits Sacrilege.

*Alf.* You call him Friend, that is your Slave.

*Duke.* No *Alfonso*, let Females be our Slaves:  
Men can be grateful, when they are oblig'd;  
But Woman never.

*Alf.* My Gratitude, like my Soul, shall be Eternal.

*Duke.* My Friendship lasting as your Silence——No more:  
Till evening I take my leave——

*Alf.* Your Grace commands *Alfonso*.

*Alfonso's Servants appear with Fidalbo. Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Dutcheß, supported by Flor. and Arnid.*

*Dutch.* Reach me a Chair——Leave me —— [*Sits down.*

*Am.* We wait without.

*Dutch.* No, stay——But observe your distance——

What Rigor shall punish the excess of Love;

That wrongs the Matrimonial vow.

And what reward for Chastity,

That was preserv'd by loss of Life.

} *Aside to her self.*

*Fl.*

*The Italian Husband.*

*Flor.* She's very thoughtful.

*Am.* Let us be very silent, lest we disturb her more.

*Dutch.* Away there with that *Sophonuba*

And *Zanobia*, and *Firma* there,

That Flower-piece too : I like 'em not.

*Looks wildly about, as imagining Pictures.*

*Amid.* She fancies Pictures, and there's none.

*Dut.* Take 'em away ;—No stay you by me :

For my Lord is absent, and my mind

Wanders I know not where.

*Flor.* Her senses are disorder'd.

*Dut.* A Song to lull my troubled thoughts asleep.

*A SONG to the Dutchess.*

## I.

**N**ymphs that now are in your prime,

Make, O make good use of time :

Each Minute hastens your decay,

Beauty, like time, flies fast away.

Nymphs that now are in your prime,

Make, O make good use of time.

## II.

If you wou'd know how Youth doth pass,

Look on the Dial of your face.

Where, tho no sudden change is found,

Tet still the Sun is moving round.

Nymphs that, &c.

## III.

But when it comes to be full Noon,

The day grows short, and night comes soon :

The Sun steals off by slow degrees,

And Beauty fades, tho no one sees.

Nymphs that, &c.

## IV. Night's

## The Italian Husband.

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### IV.

Night's shades do pass, and day comes on,  
But Beauty has no second dawn;  
The Sun returns, but Beauty never,  
When Beauty sets, it sets for ever.  
Nymphs that, &c.

Dut. Who can give ease to a distracted mind.  
Am. Madam the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Dut. Retire—Your Grace is welcome.  
Florella and Amid. withdraw.

Duke. Not always so——

Dutch. Excuse me, my Lord;  
Love first taught me that lesson.

Duke. Lust soon untaught what Love had learn'd.

Dutch. What says your Grace!

Duke. Excuse me, I was thinking——

What are you doing?

Dutch. My task is great: and I have much to do.

Duke. What, *Alonisa*?

Dutch. To repent, to dye.

Duke. That is indeed hard for a woman.

Dutch. What, to repent?

Duke. No; to dye in the flower of her youth.

Dutch. My fault deserves death.

Duke. Your fault is pardon'd.

Dutch. By Heaven I hope—Heaven knows the heart.

Duke. By me too; speak no more on't.

Dutch. I must ever think on't.

Duke. When the offended forgives the offender;  
Let the offender forget the offence.

Dut. But not that Noble generosity  
With which he pardon'd the offender.

Duke.



*Duke.* First faults may be forgiven——  
 Faults once forgiven are pardon'd ever.

*Dutchess.* Let's discourse of something else.

*Dut.* Of any thing, my Lord shall please.

*Duke.* Of love——the love you have for me.

*Dut.* We shall then speak of an infinite.

*Duke.* 'Twas finite once.

*Dutch.* I mean not past Love, but the present:  
 That new birth of Love, created in my Soul,  
 By your excels of Goodness.

*Duke.* Tell me, how d'ye love me?

*Dut.* As my immortal Being.

*Duke.* Are you sure you don't hate me.

*Dut.* My self I hate——

*Duke.* Why?

*Dut.* For offending you.

*Duke.* Will you offend no more?

*Dut.* May Heaven——

*Duke.* I believe you——

*Dut.* With Joy I hear you,  
 And here I swear Eternal truth.

*Duke.* And I Eternal love.

*Dut.* Give me this hand for pledge.

*Duke.* And with it too my heart.

*Dut.* Bless'd Reconciliation.

Angels Witness our Accord.

*Duke.* Wonder not, there's Magick in Beauty.

*Dut.* And harmony in Love.

*Duke.* Our Love is now compleat——

*Dut.* Not till I'm reinstated——Oh I dare not name where.

*Duke.* That shall be——

*Dut.* When?

*Duke.* This night

*Dut.* Can it be?

*Duke.* It shall be: mark me: one Bed shall hold both.

*Dut.* Sun, hasten on thy Course.

*Duke.* Darkness, advance——

*Dut.*



## *The Italian Husband.*

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*Dutch.* Reward your Goodness Heaven :  
And bless my noble Lord:

*Duke.* I take my leave.

*Dutch.* Where goes your Grace ?

*Duke.* I Sup at my Vineyards.

*Dutch.* When will you return ?

*Duke.* Soon after Supper.

*Dutch.* You will not fail ———

*Duke.* No, I will not fail.

*Dutch.* Farewel my Lord.

*Duke.* And *Alonisia* too, farewel.

*Exit.*

*Dut.* Ah! shall these Arms once more receive my Lord:

And to night too ! O Fortunate Dutchess !

I'll chain him to my panting breast,

Suck the sweet Roses of his lips,

Till he has lost all memory of my fault.

And all his Rage dissolves in Love.

Yes, yes, be present all ye Amorous Powers:

Ye tender Arts of Love, and sweet Endearments,

That Extasie the Soul in soft delights,

Be present with me, lend me all your Charms,

That may endear him ever to my Arms.

*Exit.*

E

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Duke reading a Letter. Fidalbo at distance.*

*Duke.* **Y**OUR Dutcheſs was Daughter to fair *Bianca*,  
 ' For Beauty ſam'd at Court, when I was Prince.  
 ' My Youth, and greatness of my Quality,  
 ' After much pain, and long Courtſhip,  
 ' Prevail'd upon her Chſtity.  
 I find my Wife is of a coming Breed.  
*Reads.* ' Our practice was carry'd with ſuch ſecrecy;  
 ' That our Love remains yet undiscover'd.  
 ' *Aloniſſa* was born, *Bianca* recover'd ſtrength,  
 ' Retir'd to a Monastery, turn'd Penitent and dy'd.  
 The Daughter copies the Mother exactly;  
 Sin and Repent is both their faculties.

*Reads.* ' I wou'd not have reveal'd this Secret,  
 ' Had not your Letter prefs'd the knowledge of her Birth.  
 ' To morrow I'll hunt with you, and diſcourſe at large.

*Enter Alphonſo.*

My Lord *Alphonſo* I thank you——  
 Your return was what I moſt deſir'd:  
 But this Letter you bring clears many doubts,  
 And gives my mind much eaſe.

*Alf.* Had not the Dukes Commands return'd me back,  
 My own inclinations had brought me to ye.

*Duke.* I took care in mine, not to loſe you, *Alphonſo.*

*Alf.*

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*Alf.* I am bid to let you know, he'll hunt with you  
To morrow early in your own Park.

*Duke.* I will shew him Sport ; he shall see Game.

*Fidalbo,* inclose this Letter under a Cover,  
Then carry it to the Dutchess:

Tell her, I remember my promise,

And after Supper it shall be perform'd :

No business now shall interrupt our pleasure,

We'll spend our short minutes to the purpose :

I have order'd Musick for this days Entertainment.

Sit, my Lord, and be attentive.

---

## *IXION, A Masque.*

*Persons Names that Sing in the Masque.*

*Ixion, Juno, Iris, Jupiter, Mercury. Two Furies.*

*The rest of the Singers sing in the Chorus.*

*A Poetical Heaven. The Overture with Violins, Hautbois,  
Trumpets and Kettle-Drums.*

*A Chorus of Divinities welcome Ixion to Heaven, in the following  
words : First Sung by Mercury.*

*Mercury.* **W**elcome to the blest Abodes,  
To the Palace of the Gods!

Happy Guest, you here may know

Boundless joys, unknown below :

But oh ! use the blessing well ;

Heaven abus'd will turn to Hell.

*Ixion kneeling gives a Letter to Jupiter.*

E 2

*Ixion.*

*Ixion. Great Jove, thy Slave a Letter brings,  
Born hither on thy Eagles Wings.*

*Jupiter Retires with his Train.*

*Juno. This is some new Intrigue of Love,  
The grand affair of Amorous Jove :  
Cold Brothers Love he gives his Bride,  
Wedded to ev'ry she beside.*

*Iris, her Rain-bow in prospect.*

*Iris. No more, great Juno, let your breast  
Be with the Jealous Fiend possess'd.*

1.

*Hence restless Jealousie remove,  
Ice mixt with Flames, curst Viper of the mind ;  
Pale Child, that kills thy Parent Love,  
And mak'st us search for what we dread to find.*

2.

*Go, partial Councillor, 'tis vain  
With Jealous doubts to raise a Lovers woe ;  
Even when they're justest, most they pain,  
And make him look like a distrustful Foe.*

*Juno. Iris now in vain advises,  
Love abus'd all Rules despises :  
I must find what Beauty's Charms  
Force my Rover from my Arms :  
Quickly let my Birds attend,  
Juno must on Earth descend.*

*Iris goes, and the Peacocks o'erspread part of the Stage.*

*Ixion. What a heaven of Beauty's here !  
Oh ! I Love, but must Despair :  
Now I tremble, now I dare :  
What a heaven of Beauty's here !*

*Juno. Tell me, Stranger, tell me true,  
What new Loves does Jove pursue ?*

*Ixion. What new Loves can Jove pursue ?  
Nothing's worthy Love but you.*

*Juno.*

Juno. Jove to change alone is true;  
Lawless Love does all subdue.

Both. Love and Wine no trust maintain;  
Love, like Wine, is Reason's bane;  
Love, like Wine, makes Wisdom reel;  
Both will secret Truths reveal:  
Both the worst Events despise:  
None in Wine or Love is wise.

Ixion. Since Cupid conquers mighty Jove,  
Bright Goddess. pardon if I Love:  
Too high I raise my bold desire,  
But Love and you at once inspire.  
Since Cupid conquers mighty Jove,  
Bright Goddess pardon if I love.

Juno aside. Be still my wrongs of Vertue and of Love,  
Till I to vov'd Revenge can move.

To him. If you Love, oh! let me know  
What now brings you from below?

Ixion. Calisto, of Diana's Train,  
Of Jove's long absence does complain:  
Since for a Mortal he deserts the Sky,  
Oh! let a Mortal here his place supply.

A light Ayre.

What a fool is a Wife to lye pining at home,  
When to pleasures abroad the false Husband is gone?  
Let the Rover be gone, take a Lover to Bed,  
And your wrongs be'd revenge on the Murderers head.  
For why shou'd a Goddess be robb'd of delight;  
Be a Wife all the day, and a Widow at night.

Juno. Hold, Mortal, whither wou'd you move!

Ixion. To Heaven and you, to Heaven and Love.

Each repeating their last Verse, he striving to  
embrace her, and she to hinder him.

Juno makes a Cloud arise, which he embraces, in  
the mean time she sings two lines aside.

Juno.



*The Italian Husband.*

*Juno. Embrace a Cloud, unjust possessing,  
Is such a vain delusive blessing.*

*Jove appears on his Eagle, and thunders Ixion down  
to Hell.*

*Jove. Down, down, presumptuous Traytor fall ;  
Such Crimes th' avenging Thunder call :  
Down, down presumptuous Traytor fall.*

*A Chorus of Divinities.*

*The Chorus of Divinities, who come in with Jove, re-  
peat that he Sung, as a Chorus.  
A wild dismal Symphony is heard.*

*The Scene changes to a Poetical Hell.*

*Enter Ixion.*

*Ixion. Oh ! to my pains let some small ease be given,  
Tis Hell enough to forfeit Heaven :  
My Crimes are present to my tortur'd Soul ;  
Adult'rous breach of Trust the foremost in the Roll.*

*A Dance of Furies.*

*Furies and Devils spring up about him, with Whips of  
Snakes and Daggers, and Dance : then hale him out  
to a Wheel.*

*Two Furies sing.*

*Two Furies. Drag him along to yonders Wheel,  
There he shall endless Tortures feel.  
'Tis the Sentence was given in Minos's Court :  
We'll whirk him about, and lash him in sport.*

*Grand Chorus of Devils and Furies.*

*Here, Proud, Lustful, Faithless Soul,  
Round th' Eternal Circle royl :  
For such Crimes the Gods ordain  
Thunder, Hell, and Endless Pain.*

*A Dance of Furies ends the Masque.*

*The Scene closes.*

*Duke.*

## The Italian Husband.

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Duke. My Lord *Alfonso*, rouse your Spirits,  
And be prepar'd for something new :  
I seldom treat the common way.

*Alf.* Your Grace is eminent in all :  
It pleases me, you are so well dispos'd.

Duke. But you, *Alfonso*, would take more delight  
To be at Court, among the Ladies.

*Alf.* Excuse me, if my looks don't express  
The satisfaction of my heart :  
I am pleas'd abundantly.

Duke. Some Wine, and bring the Table furnish'd for Supper.

*Servants bring Wine to the Duke and Alfonso,  
and set it on a Table, they sit down.*

My Lord, seat your self, this is mine.

*[Both sit down.]*

This to the Health you wish. *Alfonso.*

*[Duke drinks.]*

*Alf.* 'Tis to the Noble Duke of *Radiano*.

Most cordially I drink this Health.

*[Both drink.]*

Duke. I have a new Cook to night, let's see  
What Rarities he has provided for us.

Uncover your Plate, my Lord, as I do mine.

*In the Marquis his plate is the picture of the Duke.*

*In the Duke's a Dagger ——— Marq. starts.*

*Alf.* A Picture !

Duke. A Dagger !

*Alf.* Ominous prospect !

Duke. My Dutchess's picture !

But can the shadow displease you.

The substance lik'd you well.

*Alf.* I want air.

*Offers to rise, a Spring goes  
and locks him in.*

Ha — Another Devil — Lock'd in my Chair !

I am then design'd a Victim to revenge.

Duke. What have they sent us in this other dish.

A brace of Deaths heads.

*Uncovers the dish in the middle of the Table.*

My Lord, *Alfonso*, you see the first Course.

I

*I* told ye 'twas no common Treat :

*I*s nothing here you like——

*Alf.* Why this sad preparation for my death ?

*Duke.* Fall to most heartily, my young Lord,  
As you did once, without Ceremony or Grace.

Let your eyes feed upon that lovely Face:

Scent the sweet fragrancy of her breath;

And suck the balmy dew that hangs

Upon those melting lips :

Feast all your Sences with her Charms,

And lye once more intranc'd

In the dear Inchantments of her Breast.

Speak *Alfonso*; why are you silent ?

*Alf.* What would you have me, or what can I say ?

O *Duke* ! my Tongue falters, and my Lips tremble,

As if I lay just at the point of Death.

*Duke.* Put that Cordial to your Lips.

*Alf.* Why d'ye triumph, Treacherous *Duke* ?

Your Revenge had once been Justice :

You might have taken then my life with Honour,

But now 'tis base ignoble perfidy,

Breach of hospitality, and friendship.

*Duke.* Thy Crime was inhospitable, so be the punishment :

I had kill'd thee in the first transports of my Rage,

But the Engine fail'd my design :

Then second thoughts came crowding in my mind,

Which did instruct me better :

You were sent by the Great *Duke* our Master ;

Revenge had then been breach of Duty and Allegiance :

You were intrusted by him, and therefore

By that trust protected.

*Alf.* Go on with your Politicks, *Duke*;

And let me hear why you preserv'd my life,

When others would have taken it——You not to blame !

*Duke.* 'Twas my Duty to give you safe Conduct;

You were not then dismiss from my protection,

Not

Nor shou'd base Villains snatch my Revenge,  
And disappoint a nobler Justice,  
Due to my Honour, and my Name.

*Alf.* These Maxims I learn too late.

*Duke.* But, poor, unpolitick, unthinking Lord,  
That Ambush was my master Stratagem,  
'Twas I contriv'd, and dress'd it out.

*Alf.* To what end?

*Duke.* To secure your Confidence,  
And fix belief of real Friendship:  
All fair pretences else had vanish'd;  
Or when ponder'd in your cooler thoughts,  
Appear'd no more than bubbles in the air.

*Alf.* Why kill'd you then a person you engag'd?

*Duke.* He was the Spy, that did the thankless office  
To inform me of my dishonour;  
For such service, such reward;  
He knew the secret, and might talk, —  
But with that last politick stroke,  
I secur'd his silence and your confidence.  
Thus are you drawn into the snare.

*Alf.* O dreadful Maxims, far be they from my Soul.

*Duke.* Thine *Alfonso*, is but a Mungrel Soul,  
Infus'd in the act of Generation;  
In some dull Climate where thou wast begot,  
Beyond the Mountains.  
Mine is the true *Italian* Spirit:  
There is a great Genius in Mischief.  
British Revenge is but the exercise of the body,  
Noble Revenge the delight and pleasure of the  
Mind.

*Alf.* O Horror!

One thing more, most exquisite Duke; —  
Am I not under sovereign protection now.

*Duke.* No, I writ the Duke word in my Letter  
You were my Guest, and under obligation to return.

You

You are remitted back ;  
And now stand disengag'd from all Commands.

*Alf.* Have you no pity ?

*Duke.* Wrong'd Honor calls for satisfaction.

*Alf.* On then, plunge that Dagger deep in my breast ;  
My blood will only fully thy hands ;  
But this most barbarous Treachery will fix  
A lasting stain upon thy Name and Memory :  
You said the brave and generous did act  
Without deceit.

*Duke.* With Friends, and where they are not injur'd :  
Shall he that was deceiv'd to his undoing,  
Not use deceit to right himself ?  
The Notion's dull and flegmatick.

Now *Alfonso*, thou riser of my sweets,  
And great destroyer of my happiness,  
Tremble, thy utmost date of life is come,  
And thou must fall a Sacrifice to vengeance.

*Alf.* I feel the Terror ere you strike the blow :  
Cold sweats hang on my Brows,  
My heart shrinks up, my voice grows faint,  
And every limb is paralytick ;  
Yet not from fear, but horror of thy deeds :  
Oh, quickly end thy barbarous Triumph,  
And compleat thy Treachery.

*Duke.* Ho—you, the Assistants of my just revenge :

*Enter Russians with a Bow-string.*

There sits the Criminal.

*Alf.* O mercy.

*Duke.* Hold—As other Malefactors crimes are writ on their  
His shall he hung upon his Breast : (Foreheads,  
Fix there the Dutchesse's Picture,  
With this Dagger. [*Gives a Dagger to one of the Russians.*

*Alf.* Alas, her fatal turn is next.

*Duke.*



*The Italian Husband.*

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*Duke.* How dying men do often Prophecy. So —  
Another strike into his Brain.

Now execute my just Commands.

*Alf.* Mercy! mercy! Oh! oh!

*A little Silk Curtain falls to screen him, that being rustled  
above his Head.*

*Duke.* The Rigour of punishment  
Strikes terror in many others,  
Turns their bad minds, and makes 'em fear  
To act the evil deeds they had design'd:  
This the mistaking world calls Cruelty,  
But rightly understood, 'tis tender Mercy.  
Thus *Alfonso* did misjudge Revenge:  
If Revenge has no Charms, why are men fond on't?  
'Tis brutish and unnatural to hurt others,  
Unless a benefit accrews thereby.  
Let cold Northern Stoicks give their reasons  
Why we should not take pleasure in Revenge,  
When the Wrong-doers found so much  
In every act they did.

*They draw up the Curtain. Alfonso appears murder'd, one  
Dagger in his Breast, with the Picture, another in his  
Forehead, all bloody.*

*Ruff.* He's dead.

*Duke.* My Honor then in part is righted —  
Bear hence his Body, dispose it as I've order'd.  
Thus cunning Fowlers catch the Bird by Art:  
All Stratagems are lawful in Revenge;  
Promise, deceive, betray, or break your trust,  
Who rights his Honor cannot be unjust. *Etc.*

*Enter Dutcheß, with a Letter in her hand.*

*Am. Flor. at a distance.*

*Dutch.* Welcome, welcome, most happy Paper:  
This brings the wish'd-for knowledge of my Birth.

F 2

*Bianca*

*Bianca* my Mother, the Great Duke my Father!  
I his Natural Daughter! ———

Now let *Alonisia's* Breast be calm.

My Lord too sends me a kind Message,

Confirms his parting promise,

And will take me to his bosome:

I'll be prepar'd to receive him. ———

*Amideca, Florella,*

*Am.* Your Grace's pleasure?

*Dut.* Come, undress me, lay aside these Blacks,  
My newest, and my richest Night-dress bring.

*Am.* They are here already, under the Tuillet.

*Dut.* What Book is that?

*Am.* *Pastor Fido.*

*Dut.* An excellent piece:

Whilst you undress me, *Florella* shall read;

Open the Book as chance directs.

*Flo.* The fourth Act, Scene the Fifth.

[*Reads.*

*Nicander and Amarillis speak* ———

*Dut.* Is not that the Scene where she was suppos'd faulty?

*Flo.* The same.

*Dut.* Alas! *Amarillis* was innocent when blam'd!

Wou'd all were so that were accus'd——Begin and read.

*Flo.* *Nicander* says.

*Reads:* 'A heart of flint, or rather none had he,  
'Nor human sense, that could not pity thee;  
'Unhappy Nymph! and for thy sorrow grieve  
'The more; by how much less they can believe,  
'This shou'd befall thee——'

*Dut.* Enough. [*Dut. rises and walks a little aside and speaks.*  
Ah, how much greater is my fault than hers.

She broke no Matrimonial Vows.

Skip that Scene and turn to another.

[*Dut. sits down again.*

[*Flo. opens the Book again.*

*Flo.*

## The Italian Husband.

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*Flo.* Act the Fifth, Scene the second.

*Tityro*, and Messenger —

*Dut.* That is it where *Tityro* bewails  
His Daughters lost Honour, going to dye—

Read —

*Flo. Reads.* 'Which first, my Daughter, shall I mourn in thee,  
'Thy loss of Life, or of thy Chastity?  
'I'll mourn thy Chastity —

*Dutch.* Skip the rest of that Speech, and read her answer.

*Flo. Reads.* 'If my mishap had come thro my own fault,  
'And the effect had been from an ill thought,  
'As of a deed that seems ill, it had been  
'Less grievous to me, to have death pay sin;  
'And very just it were. [ *Dutchess starts from her Chair.*

*Dut.* No more — How the words strike me to the heart.  
By *Amraillis* I stand condemn'd!

*Enter Fidalbo.*

*Fid.* Madam, the Duke is return'd,  
And waits you in his Chamber.

*Dut.* Hence *Amidea* and *Florella* — follow me. *Exeunt.*

*Duke in the Chamber, and others.*

*The Body of Alfonso appears laid in the Bed, his Head  
raised, his Arms laid out strait, as in his Shirt, to be seen;  
Candles upon Stands round the Bed, but not lighted.*

*Duke.* I dismiss you now —

*Exeunt Attendants.*

This is the Body of ill-fated *Alfonso*,  
That dar'd to love, tempt, and enjoy my Wife.  
Here, where he did commit his Crimes.  
Now receives the State of Funeral pomp.  
The Dutchess too prepares her self,  
Like a new Bride, for a new Nuptial Night,

*But*

But here she'll find revenge in Triumph,  
 And love with a pale ghastly countenance,  
 Lye ready to embrace her——She comes,  
 Close then these Curtains. Yet a while.  
 Anon those Tapers shall be lighted,  
 And death appear in ceremonious State.

*Enter Dutcheffs in a night dress.*

*Dutch.* O, my Lord!

*Duke.* My Dutcheffs!

*Dutch.* My dear lov'd Lord!

*Duke.* My once dear Wife.

*Dutch.* Once! my Lord?

*Duke.* Yes *Alouisia*——But I had forgot.

*Dutch.* You seem troubled——

*Duke.* My mind is burden'd.

*Dutch.* Can I ease you?

*Duke.* You only——

*Dutch.* With my life, if needful.

*Duke.* Speak sincerely——

*Dut.* My tongue and heart are partners in this truth.

*Duke.* Wou'd you dye for me?

*Dut.* Most willingly.

*Duke.* Death, *Alouisia*, is terrible.

*Dut.* For my Lords sake delightful.

*Duke.* To live is painful, to dye is sweet;  
 For Death does put an end to worldly cares:  
 But let us talk of Life.

*Dut.* Whilst you are my Life, I cannot think of Death.

*Duke.* And yet the thoughts of Death are needful:  
 It concerns us to think on't every hour.

*Dut.* True, my Lord; but we are in present health.

*Duke.* Ay, every moment, for every moment we are dying:  
 And who knows but you or I may dye this minute.

*Dut.* Avert it Heaven.

Let

Let Loves more pleasing thoughts enter your bosome —  
And tune our Souls for Rapture.

*Duke.* Now, *Alonisia*, you inspire me:  
Forgive me that I have been so slow.

Come to thy Bed —

*Dut.* The Scene of Paradise, when you my Lord are there.

*Duke.* The Scene of Love and Union.

*Dut.* I go.

*Duke.* Stay.

*Dut.* Why, my Lord?

*Duke.* First give light to these Tapers.

*Duke takes a Candle, and lights them round the Bed.*

*Dut.* For what, my Lord?

*Duke.* To represent our Love, which was extinct,  
But now like these, new kindled and new lighted.

*Dut.* We pay this Ceremony to the dead.

*Duke.* That's my intent; sleep is the Image of death.

*Dut.* I see great alteration — Your looks shew Terror.

*Duke.* Take this light; hold it in your hand.

*Dut.* For what, my Lord?

*Duke.* Now open the Curtains.

*Dut.* My hand trembles, and my pulse scarce beats.

*Duke.* 'Tis not long since you ran with joy, and there  
Sacrific'd my honour to your pleasure :

Your tremblings then were extasie, not fear.

*Dut.* Sad Remembrance.

*Duke.* A sad Truth.

*Dut.* Oh Heaven ! the time is come —  
That Penitence must end in Death.

*Duke.* Speak to the person in the Bed.

*Dut.* Who is in the Bed?

*Duke.* One you lov'd well.

*Dut.* Horror seizes me.

*Duke.* Take Courage Dutchess, draw wide the Curtains!

*Dut.* Did you not pardon me! what will become of me!

*Duke.*



*Duke.* Open the Curtains, there you'll see a Glass,  
In which you will read your Fate:

*Dut.* What Glass is there?

*Duke.* The truest you ever look'd in.

*Dut.* I wou'd, but I dare not.

*Duke.* You durst for another.

*Dut.* My Heart faints, and my Arm wants strength.

*Duke.* I'll help you. See they are open now.

*Dut.* Ah!

*Duke.* Behold the body of you lov'd *Alfonso*  
What d'ye read in this mirror.

*Dut.* In his pale looks, and in your Angry brow  
I read my death.

*Duke.* Right, death's bitter potion must wash down  
The sweet intoxicating draught of Love.  
Recommend your self to Heaven——

Revenge is in my hand [ *A Dagger and a Bow-string*

*Dut.* My gracious Lord, my lov'd Husband,  
Stay till tomorrow, take not the forfeit of my life,  
Till the Great Duke is here——He owns me his Daughter.

*Duke.* Thou art the Off-spring of sin,  
And product of unlawful pleasures.

Thy Birth was tainted and thy Life impure.

Thou most of all to blame——Thy Mother err'd,  
But broke no Conjugal Vow.

*Dut.* Let the Duke pronounce my doom.

*Duke.* He is thy Father, I thy Husband,  
He is my Prince, but I am your Lord.

His power may punish me,

But thy sentence hangs only in my breath.

*Dut.* No hope, no mercy?

*Duke.* No prayer, no repentance?

*Dut.* My life ere since I err'd, has been  
But one continued Act of penitence.

My prayer is short.

My Lord forgive, and Heaven forgive me too.

*Duke.*

## The Italian Husband.

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Rise—Now sit down in that Chair.

This Instrument, without much pain,  
Will give thee speedy death ; —

I'll gently let thee down into thy Grave — O Aloufia !

*Dutch.* Sigh not. This comfort in my death I have,  
My Lords own hand does send me to my Grave.

*Duke.* Dye then, thou fair disturber of my peace:

*Pulls the Bed-Curtains over her Face, and strangles her,  
sitting in the Chair.*

That Honour shou'd command o're Love,  
And Love thus cruelly obey.

*Throws the Curtains off, and looks on her.*

So, she's dead.

Honour now is righted, and Revenge appeas'd.

Behold, how Beauty still revels in her Cheeks,  
And gets the Victory o're Death and my Revenge.

Soft Compassion creeps into my Soul,

And I cou'd now forget my Injuries.

But let the noble sense of Honour drive it out :

Hence then all tender thoughts, and foolish pity.

Now her Colour, like withdrawing beams,

Leaves only some few streaks of Light behind:

Thus Flowers blasted by chill Winds decay and fade ;

But e're these perish quite — I'll taste their sweets

Once more — *[Offers to kiss her, and starts back.]*

Ha ! she is not a sweet smelling Rose,

But a vile Canker — mildew'd all o're,

And rank as basest Weeds — not sin it self

More rank — Who waits there ?

*Enter Amidea, Florella.*

*Flor.* Your Garce's pleasure ?

*Duke.* Put your Lady to bed.

*Amid.* Asleep !

*Duke.* Go nearer. *Amid, and Flor. go towards the Dutcheſs.*

G

*Flo.*

*Flo.* Ah!

*Flo. looks at the Dutchess and starts.*

*Amid.* Bless me! ah, ah—

*Amid. sees Alfonso in the  
Bed, starts and shrieks louder.*

*Duke.* Do your Duty, without more noise.

*Amid.* O horror!

*Duke.* Leave wonder, and obey; put her to bed:  
Then my Revenge in Triumph will appear  
In the same Field where Honor did receive its fatal wound.

*Enter Fidalbo and Fryer.*

*Fid.* Holy Father, press not forward,  
I will acquaint the Duke you are here.

*Fry.* Hinder me not, I will bear you blameless.

I fear I come too late—

*Fidalbo Retires.*

*Duke.* For what? holy man.

*Fry.* To prevent what my fears presage.  
Why have you done this deed of horror?

*Duke.* You need not ask that question,  
You were her Confessor.

*Fry.* She was my Penitent, and such a Penitent,  
That the least error of her life was not told  
Without tears, and hearty sighs of sorrow:  
Heaven make you such an one for these ill deeds.!

*Duke.* I say *Amen*.

*Fry.* But have you not misjudg'd her?

*Duke.* No.

*Fry.* But Revenge is Heavens prerogative, not ours.

*Duke.* So say Divines:

But we Husbands are of another mind.

*Fry.* The Laws of our Country are against you.

*Duke.* Ay, for form they discountenance Revenge,  
But Custom does suspend the punishment:  
Honor is the noblest Law.

*Fry.* Wicked Custom, and mistaken Honor!

*Enter*

Enter Fidalbo.

*Fid.* Please your Grace, the Huntsmen are in the Park,  
And the Great Duke is coming.

*Duke.* Enough — *Fidalbo* look there, but wonder not:  
There lyes *Alfonso*, here behold my Wife:

*Fid.* Oh — *Fidalbo weeps, and wipes his eyes with  
his Handkerchief.*

*Duke.* Be it your charge to see my orders perform'd.  
Let her Women lay the Dutchess in the Bed,  
In this same posture by *Alfonso's* side.  
This Letter I leave upon the Table here,  
To be remov'd by none but the Duke's own hand.  
When he comes, conduct him in, say I am not well.  
That Letter and this sight, will fully  
Instruct him the reason of this deed.

*Fid.* Do you not fear his Anger ?

*Duke.* I know 'twill greive his heart, he lov'd her well.  
But Princes have noble Souls,  
His sense of honour will excuse the deed.

Now Holy Father, I will retire with you,  
Your Convent shall be my safe retreat,  
I'll put on your habit, and pray away my life with you.  
I have no more business with the world.

For all my peace and worldly joys are fled,  
Life has no Charms now *Alonista's* dead.

# EPILOGUE,

Writ by Jo. Haynes.

Spoke by Mr. Bowman, mimicking a Beau.

**L**oaded with Muffe, and Nose adorn'd with Snush,  
Eclips'd in Wig, like Owl in Ivey-Bush.  
With dangling Shoulder-knot o're Arm a kimbo,  
In fine embroyder'd Coat Just out of Limbo.  
With all the Rhetorick of *DOUX IEUX*, I come  
To mitigate our trembling Author's doom;  
Who bid me beg your Smiles, (the Poets Alms,)  
In words as moving as the Singing Psalms.  
Not doubting my success, because he knows,  
The Fair Sex must be obliging to the Beaux,  
For while those Gallants, who had Brains to spare,  
For Honor ran Campaigning every year,  
Love! Love! The nobler Province of the two,  
Kept peaceful Beau at home to dye for you;  
Not that he fear'd the Wars, but some chance blow  
Might beat out his Fine Teeth, and then you know,  
Tho he, (the Man) were sav'd, that kills the Beau.  
Whose Courage might, no doubt, successful prove,  
In Bed of Honor, as in Bed of Love.  
But whether think you has the greater Charms,  
Don Mars the Bully's, or Don Cupid's Arms?  
Who in this glorious Field Cupid makes his Campaign,  
So fam'd for killing Eyes, and Lovers slain.  
Like Cæsar here the Beaux may Conquest boast,  
They come, they ogle, and the Heart is lost.  
For wonder then they're in such Veneration,  
But I remember Monkeys once in Fashion.  
Till these new Favorites obtain'd their Station.

But



But Monkey, Squirrel, and lov'd Parakeeto,  
(The prettiest Creatures much, methinks, to see to)  
Lap-dog, nay Darling Black, must all wait now,  
To the prevailing Charms of Rival Beau.

But tell me pray how wou'd this Peacock show,  
If he were but treated like old *Æsop's* Crow?  
If those who clubb'd to's *Beauship* flock'd together,  
And every Bird laid hold of his own Feather,  
Unrigg'd of Cloaths, of Wig, and unpay'd Linnen,  
Sword, Feather, Muffe, and no Charms left to sin in.  
What a *Figure*—re he'd make you easily gues,  
Stripp'd of his borrow'd plumes in that undress.  
The naked truth I fear wou'd oft discover,  
The Giant *Beau* to be a Pigmye Lover.  
Sure nought but the *Green Sickness* of the mind,  
Can relish this sad *Trash* of *Human-kind*.

However ———  
Since *Beauteous Plenty* here begins to dress,  
With her *Bright Ornaments* the face of *Peace*;  
Tis fit that our *Drammatick Wars* shou'd cease:  
Therefore, to you, *Sweet Beaus*, inmeer *Compassion*,  
These *Terms* we offer of *Capitulation*.

First then ———  
When you shall leave off to adore new Faces,  
And paying only *Broken Heads* for places,  
As now you're *Foibles*, then we'll shew your *Graces*.  
And next ———

Let not our *Womens Tying-Rooms* be *Haunted*,  
Boast not of favours which they never granted:  
Tick not with *Orange Wench*; nor *Side-box Misses*,  
(Alas they live by *Love*, and feed on *Kisses*.)  
Grant this, and if they make not *just* requitals,  
You've our *Consents* *Gratis*, to *STOP THEIR VITALS*.

(*Demme*)

[Exit like a Beau.]

F I N I S.

Books Printed and Sold by Isaac Cleave,  
next to Sergeants-Inn in Chancery-lane.

**T**He Life of the most illustrious Monarch *Alamzar*; and of the several Revolutions of the mighty Empire of the Caliphs, and of the *African* Kingdoms: Together with the History of the Conquest of *Spain* by the *Moor*. Translated out of *Arabic*, and made *English* by an eminent hand.

*Sylva Syriacum*; or a Natural History, in ten Centuries: whereunto is newly added, The History, Natural and Experimental, of Life and Death, or of the prolongation of Life. By the Right Honourable *Franco* Lord *Perulam*, Viscount *St. Albans*.

A Compleat Guide for Justices of Peace, according to the best approved Authors; in two parts; the first containing the Common and Statute Laws relating to the Office of a Justice of the Peace. The second consisting of the most authentick Precedents which do properly concern the same. By *J. Wood*, of *Grays-Inn*, Esq. To which is added, A Table, relating to all the Statutes relating to a Justice of the Peace. By *E. B. Wood*, Esq. Continued down to this time.

**F I N I S.**